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JULY 1996

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In the bag

YOU DO IT, WE PRINT IT! WRITE TO PO BOX 380, SANDY HOOK, CT 06482.

MEAT BEATER

I've been a CI reader for years now and enjoy it very much. My wife also enjoys not only the mag itself but also the fact that I can use it to release some of my sexual energy instead of always bugging her for sex. My drive is much higher than hers and we're quite frank about the fact that I like to jack off over the hot photos and letters.

Sometimes she will brush off my advances with, "Why don't you go handle it yourself." She will go to the drawer and get the magazine and pick out who she wants me to jerk off over. "Cum for her," she says.

She has let me get deep into a jack-off session, one time with several magazines spread out around me, when she 'accidentally' walks in on me. "Don't stop, I want to watch you," is her usual response to this strangely stimulating intrusion. Sometimes she poses for me.

When she watches me beat off she always wants to see me cum. If we're kissing or she's got her top pulled up so I can beat off over her tits, she likes me to tell her before I cum. She scoots down close to watch the jizz fly. Our sex life is very fun and good but we fuck and suck about as much as most married couples – which means I'm glad there's always CI.

My particular favorite is when the girls in CI tell us to jerk off over them. That's why they spread their legs and bare their beautiful tits, and I like it when they acknowledge the sexual connection between us. Keep up the good work! **"Slow Hand" – Hawaiian Islands**

NAVAL NOOKIE

I am a regular reader of your magazine, and also a really horny fuck. That's not the sort of thing I would normally say about myself, but it's what I've been told by a pair of real dirty guys I just enjoyed a hot session with.

Let me explain. I joined the US navy some time ago, and I've worked my way steadily up through the ranks. Yes, guys, I do get to wear my foxy little uniform and I wear it as tight as I dare even when I'm on duty. With my hair all piled up and my black stockings caressing my thighs, I feel hot and wet whenever I'm on duty too. There's something really powerful about the feel of a uniform, and all the guys I know go crazy for it.

That wasn't the reason I joined up in the first place, but it's one of the reasons I've stayed in the job. The other is that there are just so many hot and hung guys working with me that I'm spoiled for choice.

I just have to get off my chest what happened one night during my last tour of duty. I hadn't had a fuck for a whole entire month, and to tell you the truth I was almost desperate. Every minute of the day my fingers seemed to be straying down to my juicy pussy, and all night I would lie awake in my bunk frigging myself and dreaming that a well hung stud was about to break my door down and press me to the mattress for a really thorough fucking.

Maybe it was because I was feeling so horny that I attracted the attention of these two naval ratings in a bar. I don't normally go to bars alone, but that evening I was feeling really frustrated and needed a drink to cool myself down. I was perched on a bar stool with my legs on show, still in my uniform, a couple of my blouse buttons undone, when I realized these two guys were staring at me. I licked my lips as our gazes met and I imagined in my mind the hard-ons they must have in their pants as they looked me over. My cunt juiced up as I almost felt their hands on me, they were staring so hard. I had an uncontrollable urge to frig

myself off right then and there.

Carefully, so only these two guys could see, I hooked my skirt just a little further up my thighs, so my stocking tops were fully in view. I ran my finger under the elasticated top, pulling it up so that the cool air hit my hot flesh. I licked my lips and stared right at them, daring them to come over and take me up on the offer I was silently making. They did.

The darker of the two guys came over and introduced himself as Eric. "We couldn't leave a lovely lady like you all on your lonesome," he smiled. I knew that, mentally, he had me undressed already. His friend was called Pete, and he was a little shorter and stockier. They both looked pretty meaty, though – more than capable of giving me what I wanted. My mouth was watering at the thought of getting a good hammering from two long, thick, hard cocks.

As we talked, and the guys played some kind of little competition between themselves as to who was gonna have me first, I found out that they were both naval ratings and stationed at the same base I was, though I had never seen either of them before. Because I'm an officer and their superior, I should not have really been associating with them in this way, but by then I was feeling so damned horny I didn't care. I just didn't tell them who I was –

Continued on page 7

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girltalk

IT'S YOU THEY ANSWER TO!

Dear Tanya Danielle,
Seeing your amazing body in that tropical setting had me stroking my dick as I imagined thrusting it between your boobs. It has always been my dream to make it with a gorgeous woman in an exotic setting and I can just imagine us rolling around in the sand as my cock pounds deep inside your spasming cooze. Have you ever fucked out in the open?
"Horny Guy" – Ohio
Yes, I have fucked in the open air, though never on a beach. I like to drive out into the countryside and find a quiet spot. I once screwed on a golf course at night – I hope our passionate humping didn't damage the turf! Of course, there's always the risk of discovery – but I think that adds to the excitement!
*– **Tanya Danielle***

Dear Pussy Painters,
Seeing the four of you getting sexy together, I'm surprised you ever get anything done. One of you is bound to feel horny, and it's obvious that it works like a chain reaction until you are all hungry for some pussy. I would like to line the four of you up in front of me and stick my dick in each cunt in turn. Wouldn't it be great if we all came at the same time? A fiveway orgasm would really be something!
"Rock Hard" – Tennessee
*Yeah, we usually find that once one of us starts cumming, it sets the others off too. If we were being sprayed with spunk at the same time that would be even hotter. We've never shared one guy between the four of us, but we're sure we could give you the time of your life – let's just hope you've got the stamina to keep up with us! – **Taylor, Sara, Bobbie & Mickie***

Dear Ellen,
I am a bisexual girl who really has a thing for blondes in black underwear. One of the horniest girls I ever fucked looked like you. She let me suck her hot twat through her panties before she took them off and spread her thighs for me to stick my tongue inside her. I would love to eat you. My boyfriend would like to fuck you too! We have been fantasizing about having a threeway with you. **"Bi Babe" – Texas**
*There's something about getting eaten by a girl that's so arousing, I guess because she knows what feels good. It's kind of kinky to think of her boyfriend watching while she does it! Would it turn you on to watch me sucking his cock? I'll bet you would be fingering your cunt while you watched me drink his jizz, huh? I'll be thinking about you tonight while I do myself with my big vibrator! – **Ellen***

Want to know anything about our horny CI girls? Or just want to talk dirty to the girl who's your own special favorite? Well, write to Girl Talk, Club International, PO Box 380, Sandy Hook, CT 06482 – and we'll see our girls answer you personally!

In the bag

MORE OF YOUR HORNY LETTERS!

Continued from page 5

I didn't want to spoil my chances.

By now, my whole mind was filled with visions of cocks of every shape and size, my thighs clenching together automatically as I became more and more turned on. It was only a matter of time before they invited me back to their quarters. I had to sneak back to base with them in case I was recognized, but we got in unscathed. I don't know what came over me, but as soon as the guys had closed the door to their quarters I began to strip my clothes off. Well, tear them off, more like. My panties were already soaked with my own juices, and they landed in a wet heap in the corner of the room as I flung myself down onto the bed and spread my legs.

I knew my little striptease had really gotten the guys going; they were already jerking off furiously. I watched those two cockheads flashing in and out between their fingers, and I just couldn't hold back from frigging myself. My fingers were covered in juices as I orgasmed hard, shooting bolt upright as I felt those shudders building up and then erupting inside me. I'm always pretty vocal when I cum, but as a second orgasm took me by surprise, I almost took the roof off the quarters, I was yelling so loud.

The two ratings were desperate to fuck me now. I pointed to Pete, and said: "Okay, you're first in line – fuck my cooze."

He did, too, sliding between my spread legs and ramming his meaty cock in hard. I swear I felt every inch of his length as his hairy thighs rubbed against mine and I wrapped my legs around his waist and thrust my hips and pussy mound against him. I totally lost my head, yelling and humping hard as he panted next to my ear and encouraged me to be as loud as possible. He said it really turned him on when I talked dirty to

Continued on page 14

victoria

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT EVANS

"Wanna stick your cock in my soapy ass?" suggests Victoria, looking back over her shoulder at you, knowing full well there's not a man on earth who could resist those perfect curves. She wriggles her butt, sudsy water streaming over her cheeks in the sunlight, and you step forward, fist tight around your dick as you nudge it into her snug backdoor. Isn't life wonderful! ♣

In the bag

MORE OF YOUR HORNY LETTERS!

Continued from page 7

him, and so I did what he wanted. "Come on, baby, give me all that meat. I want that cock of yours so far up my cunt I can't breathe. You know you can give it to me, baby, and you know that I want it," I panted. The guy was going crazy, and I was so wet he was having trouble keeping his cock inside me. When he shot his load right up my sticky hole in hot, thick bursts, he almost collapsed on top of me.

I could feel myself leaking his cum, and as he pulled off me and lay down to get his breath back, I reached down and scooped up some of that steaming brew and swallowed it down. It dripped off my fingers and coated my tits, and almost right away Eric was kneeling between my legs, his hands pulling me by the hips towards him. He pulled my legs up over his shoulders so that his cock was at the best angle to penetrate me deeply. Then he began to fuck me, deep and hard and very slow.

This time, I didn't have the energy to scream and shout. I just lay back and moaned like an animal as that thick rod of his pierced me so slowly, I could feel every vein and throb of it. Then, just as he was in me as far as he could go, Eric would pull out again and tease my cunt hole with the end of his cock.

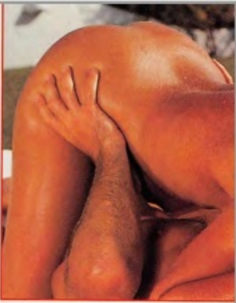
Even right up until he was going to shoot his load, Eric carried on fucking me slowly. I almost screamed the place down when I came, my orgasm was so intense, and Pete was watching everything that happened as he wiped off his cock and got his breath back. Eric unloaded what seemed like a huge river of cum into my cunt, his whole body shaking with the effort of it. None of us spoke for a while afterward.

I had to sneak out of the guys' quarters as soon as I'd managed to pull my clothes back on, and I returned to my own quarters without being seen. Next time I spotted the guys was at a huge naval parade a couple of weeks later – they looked really red-faced when they saw me in my officer's uniform! **"Sexy Sailor" – Midwest**

HOT SUPRISE

I've always had a sex drive that goes through the roof, and most of my boyfriends have been left panting and useless after getting a taste of my rampant fucking, so I felt right at home with Eddie as soon as we met. He's got the filthiest mind, and that's what keeps us cumming! He's forever pushing me to new limits of sexual excess, seeing how far I'm willing to go. The answer is always the same – all the way!

I get really bored when he's at work, bored and horny, and by the time he comes home, I'm wet and waiting for him and his cock. One night, I hadn't been able to wait, and had already screwed myself with my vibrator. When I heard the



door open, I was lying across the couch, thighs wide and my pussy lips puffy and wet with my climax.

"Eddie, honey, come here! I've been waiting to suck your cock all day!" I called.

It turned out he'd brought home one hell of a surprise for me, in the shape of his two buddies, Sam and Damon.

"Well don't stop for us!" said Damon. "What a welcome!"

"My girl can handle all the dick we can give her, can't you babe?" teased Eddie, knowing it sets me on fire to be offered to his buddies like a slut.

I've never acted so nasty. I sucked Eddie's dick first, to give the guys an idea of what they had coming; but they weren't ready to wait for me to finish him off, so Sam stood next to me, waggling his big red erection in my face. The temptation was too much, and I let Eddie's hard tool slip from

my mouth and gobbled Sam's meat instead.

"Go on, girl! I've never seen you look so hungry for cock. Get it all the way inside your hot mouth," urged Eddie, the shiny head of his cock an inch from my face as he beat off. I couldn't talk with a mouthful of prick, but with three guys getting their thrills, I wanted at least one of them to get on with pleasing my pussy. I had to shuffle my own fingers up my slit before they caught on.

Damon kneeled down behind me and opened my legs wide, pushing my knees back onto my tits and slathering his tongue all over my cunt, getting it even wetter than it already was. The sensations filling my body were hornier than my wildest dreams, and a cock in my mouth wasn't enough. I wrapped Eddie's prick in one hand, Sam's in the other and tried to get my legs even wider apart, yelling, "Fuck my cunt! I wanna feel all your spunk up me!"

Damon reared back and then rammed forward, making my big tits bounce like crazy as his rock-hard cock slid halfway up my cunt, getting all the way in on his second thrust.

Damon's screwing style was a whole lot faster than Eddie's and the orgasms were popping off in my cunt as he hammered and twisted his cock between my pussy lips, while I jerked off Sam and Eddie.

Damon pulled out at the last second and let me swallow his sperm. And after that first wad, I still had two more to go – a three course jizz meal! For the first time in my life, I got screwed so much I couldn't take anymore, and finally fell asleep with a big smile on my face!

"Triple Thrill" – Arizona

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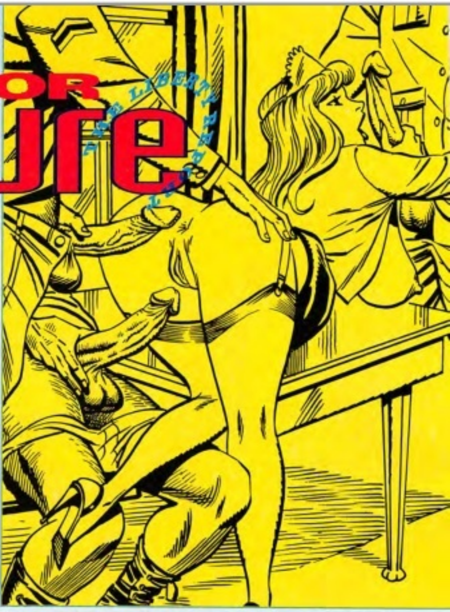
MIDNIGHT muff

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

"We always feel horny when we get in after a good night," says Alicia (the cutie in white). "That's why we bring a guy home to work off our excess energy, sliding his meat into each of us in turn and sucking his jizz out."

"We love to share a man," smiles Suzy. "And while he's recovering, we like to lick each other's pussy. That's usually enough to get him hard once again!" ♣

MAID FOR pleasure



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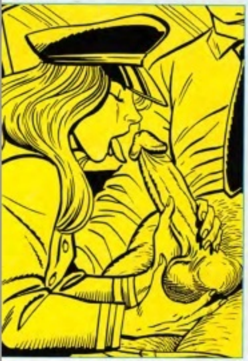
I figured I was being the perfect French maid. "And what would sir like for dessert?" I asked, bending over, flashing two half moons of hiney beneath my uniform.

"I wouldn't mind a slice of that sweet butt of yours!" bellowed the red-faced military man. His buddies laughed.

"And how would you like it served, sir?" I smiled. "On your face or across the table?"

The officer damn near choked as I bent a little further and pulled my cheeks apart, the best balled browneye in the state winking a welcome. The room fell silent. "And what about you, sir?" I continued, sensing a multi-boner balling in the offing. "Perhaps I could suck your dick for you? I could do both at the same time while you other guys whack off over my butt..."



The silence was broken by a clearing of throats. "Not just now, my dear..." he spluttered. Shit, my offer to blow it blew it – or so I thought. This servile schtick was sure hard to master but I still figured it was worth it. See, I'd just read this story about a millionaire who left his entire fortune to his maid, and I was kinda eager to get a slice of the action. So I placed an ad in a local paper in a smart suburb, offering light domestic work. Two days later, the mailbox was busting with offers – guess that photo with my hooters hiked up showing my ten gallon cleavage was the only reference I needed.

My first boss' name was Wayne (okay, so I've changed this and all others) and he needed a chauffeur. He had one of those limos with curves like a silicon packed porn star – and a seriously sex-starved pecker. When I arrived at his secluded mansion, he welcomed me with open arms and my 38-inch tits with open hands.

"My, you are a big girl," he said, squashing my jugs. "I hope the uniform fits!" This was gonna be fun. He sat me down and told me I had to drive him to dinner parties because he liked to drink. And I had to wear a uniform – smart suit, stilettos, dumb hat. I tried it on and showed him. Immediately, his prick put on pounds and threatened to bust out of his fly.

"I could fix that for you," I said smiling at his cock-filled pants. He refused. But after a few rides, feeling my juicy jugs straining at those buttons was too much to bear. I parked up on a hill and climbed in the back.

"Look, I know a sex-starved schlong when I see one," I said, reaching for his zipper. "And I'm looking at one – right now!" I pulled his pecker out, leaving it standing like a second stick shift.

"Now you could sit here with a stiff dick all night," I said. "Or I could make the ride much more comfortable."

I took his gulp of astonishment as a yes, and slid along the leather seat so my crimson lips were level with his bulb. Holding his cock with one hand, and tickling his ball sack with the other, I let the red-hot knob slip between my lubed lips. Then I sank down his shaft, taking his tool way, way down.

Mmmm! This sucker hadn't had a good blow in years, and his smooth dick skin felt just fine as my lips slid down leaving little lipstick trails. With my face buried deep in his ball bush, his cock started to tap dance on my tonsils and suddenly a gush of creamy cum was pouring down my throat. It was so thick and creamy I had to pull his pecker out a little so I could taste it for real. Eagerly I slurped, sucking every drop out of his balls. That guy must have gushed a gallon – and so rich I reckon his cum was the only kind with calories! I looked up, licking my lips.

Tickling his balls, I let the red-hot knob sink between my lubed lips

"Better?" I asked. He waved me away panting, and I got back in the driver's seat. The next day, having polished the jizz off my buttons, Wayne sent for me.

"I'm sorry, Liberty, I'm gonna have to let you go," he said.

"Was there something wrong with the head?" I gasped.

"No, Liberty, that was... great! It was too good, in fact. And I don't want to be the sort of guy who fucks his staff, okay?"

"But I wanted to do it!" I protested. But it was no good. Wayne was a just real decent guy. Unfortunately!

Meryl wasn't. This woman walked like she had a skyscraper up her ass. Only in her thirties, but looking 50, she wanted a maid, and like a schmuck, I applied. Actually, what she wanted was a good balling, but she hid her craving cunt under so many layers of clothing she couldn't hear its pleas for prick. What's more, she was fixing for me to be the same.

"You'll wear this uniform at all times," she said, handing me a dress so starchy it stood up on its own. "And when I want you I'll ring this bell..."

I went upstairs and squeezed my boobs into the concrete clothes, my poor pussy battened down behind stiff cotton pants. For two days, I brought her meals, cleaned, ironed, starched her clothes and helped her prise them on. For two days, she complained, but I was too worn out to reply. Then one night, as I finger-fucked my froth-pot back to life, I had an idea. Her next breakfast would be one she wouldn't forget...

Locked into my uniform, I took her tray up to her room.

"Breakfast, ma'am," I said sweetly. "But first, I thought you might like something to... freshen you up."

"Really, Liberty, what did you have in – oh!" She gasped as I pulled her nightdress up, revealing a pair of pert tits. First I washed them down with some soapy water, teasing her nipples with my fingers, then I moved down and did the same to her pussy. Her gasps turned to sighs as my fingers gently circled her tight, taut slot. Then I picked up the pot of honey and dribbled it down onto her nipples.

"Liberty, whatever are you –" I silenced her with a kiss full on the lips, my hands rubbing the sticky liquid into her nips. To my surprise, a darting tongue slipped into my mouth.

Climbing on top of her, I slid down and started sucking the syrup off those firm nipples. Her back arched at once, her cunt coming up and rubbing my tummy. I put my hand on it. It was foaming like a can of beer, so I slid down and started to drink at her fuck fountain. She went wild! Suddenly she was writhing around like a freshly caught catfish. This was a job for supercock! From my uniform pocket, I pulled out my trusty 12 inch dildo, and slid it between her moist thighs.

"Oh yes!" she cried as I slipped it between her swollen pussy lips.

"Now how do you want it, ma'am?" I asked with a grin.

"Oh hard, fuck me hard!" she gasped. And that's what she got. I rammed that cock in and out of her sopping snatch like I was pumping a bike tire. She was hollering the house down, fuck foam pouring out of her pussy like a breached dam.

I climbed off of her bucking body, tidied my syrup streaked uniform and slipped the wet dildo back in my pocket.

"If that'll be all, ma'am..." I said, curtseying. Well, that bitch was all over me from then on,

continued on page 138

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

sarah

"I may look delicate and fragile, but I'm a tiger in bed," purrs sexy 19-year-old Sarah. "I like a guy to do all the chasing, but once I've made up my mind I'm going to fuck him, he's in for the ride of his life! I must admit, not every guy can take the pace, but if spending all day in bed eating my juicy little twat while I suck your meat, and all night partying with my wild friends sounds like your idea of a good time, you might just be my ideal man! And once you've experienced a night of lust with me and my girlfriends, boring old couplings under the quilt will never satisfy you again!" ♣

Stacy

DOES IT FOR YOU!

Hi, guys! I guess by now you know how much I love sex – and now you can see that I really like shopping too!

Of course, the best thing of all is when I can combine both – and shopping for lingerie usually gives me the opportunity. It really gets me hot stripping down to my bra and panties in the store dressing room, then asking a cute assistant for help in selecting my size. I've had a few interesting encounters while choosing new undies, I can tell you!

One time, I was in this fancy boutique, trying on satin bras while this cute blonde sales assistant hung around. She said she wanted to be sure I had the right size, but really I knew she was checking out my tits. I was playing hard to get, waiting for her to make her move.

After awhile, she offered to measure my boobs, just to be sure I had the right cup size. I told her to go ahead, and moments later she had her hands on my titties, stroking my nipples!

We didn't bother to pretend after that, and were soon down on the floor in a 69, her tongue squirming into my cooze, the panties I was trying on soaked with my juice. She was really great at eating pussy – and she liked the way I ate her, too! I guess that's why I love shopping!

Stacy xx

Stacy

DOES IT FOR YOU!

Dear Stacy,
I'm sitting here typing this as I look at you. Your gorgeous face with those luscious lips and sensuous eyes and those wonderful breasts with erect nipples are almost too much for a man to take. However I am most sexually crazed by that firm ass, those shapely legs and those perfectly formed feet.

I can imagine you in a pair of cutoff jeans, barefoot. You are my hot blooded wife who is crazy about me, but also has the desire to be with other men. I am smart enough to know that one cock will never be enough for you. Besides, it would be selfish of me not to allow my friends to enjoy your body.

I agree to your wish to fuck two of my friends, with one proviso: I get to film it on my camcorder. I can imagine one friend penetrating your tight ass while the other has his cock in your mouth. You are so hot, you're moaning about how good two cocks are at once. They are complementing you on how good your body feels. You ask me if you look good getting fucked. Naturally I say yes, and tell you that I want to see my buddies' spunk splashed all over your skin. This brings you to the best orgasm you've ever had. One of the guys shoots all over your ass, while the other starts cumming down your throat. The filming ends with you looking at the camera with cum dripping onto your titties. **"Caught On Film" – Minnesota**

I think it would be a really hot experience to see myself on film getting fucked by two guys. It turns me on to see cute girls getting balled in XXX movies, but how much more erotic it would be to know that the action on screen happened to me! I'm sure when the big porno stars see their own movies, they must recall how good it felt at the time, but really I think amateur movies are hornier: that raw, real-life atmosphere captures the sheer raunchiness of the action so well it has me cumming just thinking about it!

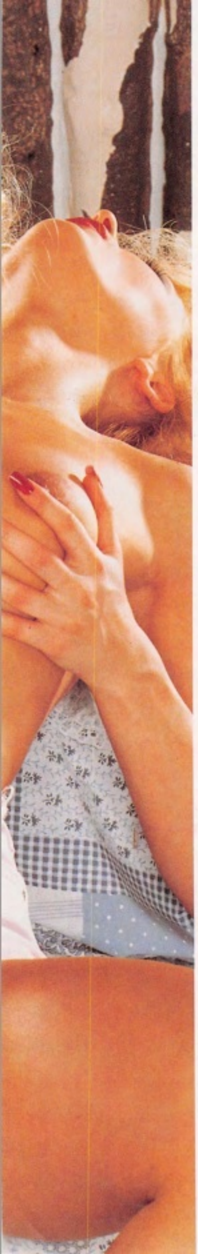
Dear Stacy,
Normally I'm an ass man, but with you I can't choose any favorite part as you look sooo good. If we could get together, I would have you put your hands up against the wall. I would reach up under your dress and pull your panties down to your ankles. You would spread your legs and I would run my tongue up and down your pussy until the juices were flowing.

After a while I'd spread your lovely asscheeks and run my tongue across your asshole. Would this drive you nuts? I would eat you until you cum all over my tongue. You would drop to your knees, pull out my cock and suck it until I was ready to cum. This would be just the beginning as we would spend the whole night together.
"Hot Tongue" – Wyoming

I can't help wondering where we would be while I was up against the wall with my legs spread and my pussy bared. Out in the open, in a parking lot maybe? Or even in a quiet corridor in some mall or department store, with just a chance of discovery? With my face to the wall, I wouldn't know if anyone was watching; all I'd be able to focus on is the horny sensations as your tongue plunges into my pussy and teases my tingling asshole. I wonder how I'd feel if I turned around to find a couple of people watching us. I know it wouldn't stop me from sucking your cock – when I'm turned on, nothing can stop me doing that! **Love, Stacy**

Write to Stacy at Club International, PO Box 380, Sandy Hook, CT 06482. She'll make your dreams cum true!

petra & CANDY



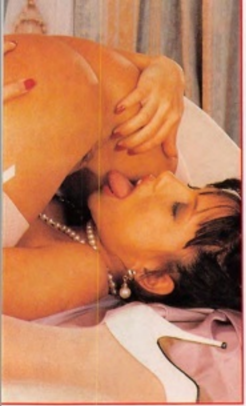
PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS

DAIRY

"We're typical country girls," says Petra (she's pretty in pink), fondling her girlfriend Candy's peachy ass. "We like getting back to nature with plenty of fresh air, good food – and good sex! But don't think we babes from the boondocks are backward when it comes to fucking... I'll bet we could show you city slickers a thing or two about eating pussy! See, where we come from, there's nothing to do except screw – that's why we're all so good at it!" ♣

EXPRESS DAIRY

EXPRESS DAIRY



that juicy cooze into my mouth as possible, my arms stretched over my head to get hold of those squeezable hooters. She was rubbing her crotch all over my mouth, gasping about how hot she felt and how she wasn't going to let me stop until she'd filled my mouth with her cream.

My couch is the perfect height for fucking, and with her ass hanging off the edge, I could get a really good grip on her hips and thrust my cock deep into her fuckhole, my face buried between her tits. When I came, it was like a hose being turned on, a stream of thick white spunk pouring out of my dick and into her hole, the squirts giving her a climax too. As I pulled out, she slid her fingers inside her dripping hole and took them up to her mouth to suck clean. I flipped her butt side up and let her have a long doggie style screw. It's a good thing the reception room was empty, we made so much noise!

"Hot Hump" – West Coast

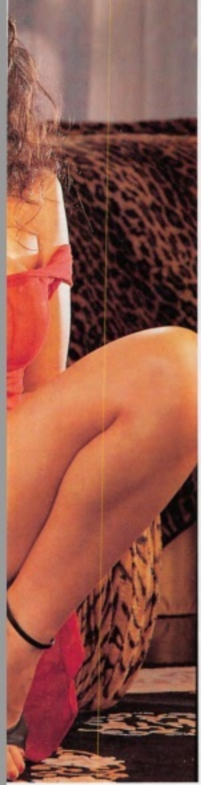
Shyla

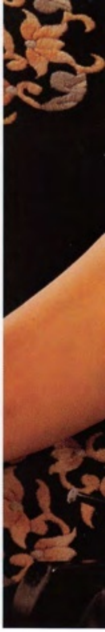
VIDEO VIXEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SUZE RANDALL

New video starlet Shyla Foxx is the hottest new babe to burn up the screen in a while – and with those come-to-bed eyes and sensational boobs we reckon you guys will be pulling your pud over her morning, noon and night!

"It really gets me wet to think of men jerking off over me," she smiles, licking her luscious lips. "I hope you'll all watch my movies and see me getting balled and shoot your load all over the screen!" ♣





Lets do it!
Shyla x

THEY WERE MID-FLIGHT, AND TINA WAS FEELING HORNY. . .

Tina was about five seconds away from a climax when the phone rang. "Dammit!" she groaned, trying to maintain the mounting tension in her thighs. Her tummy shuddered, muscles banding, sweat popping. Her knees quivered. Ron's tongue was still rolling the swollen tissues of her clit in clockwise whorls of ecstasy. Almost there.

But inevitably, she found herself keening her ears, paying too much attention to her environment and not enough to internal developments. As the second ring reverberated off the walls of her bedroom, her hips sank back on the mattress. A flush of heat spread over her pussy, inducing too much calm. Ron glanced up from between her legs, raising an eyebrow.

"Keep going," she begged. "I'll just let the machine pick it up." The ringing may have distracted her, but she wasn't going to let it ruin her evening. Getting back to the pinnacle would take, at most, another minute or two of oral indulgence.

An encouraging throb was gaining intensity as the answering machine picked up and Tina heard her mother's voice. "Tina, dear, you did say you were going to leave the dog with me this weekend, didn't you? I was expecting you to be here by..."

"Oh, shit!" Tina exclaimed, and

AIRE
ARO

by R

ORNE
USAL

ed Manning

picked up her bedside phone. "Mom, I'm here. I'll be there in half an hour. I forgot."

Tina's mother's voice shifted to a conversational tone as she realized she was no longer speaking to a recording device. "I figured something like that must have happened. I'm glad you're still coming by, because I have some things here I..."

Tina pressed Ron's head away from her cunt, shielded the mouthpiece, and whimpered, "I fucked up. My neighbor usually takes care of my dog when I'm gone, but for this trip I was supposed to cart him all the way across town to my mom's. Now I barely have time."

Her mother, as usual, was using up what little remained of that time chattering on about things she could speak about any old day.

Waiting for the right moment to interrupt, Tina glanced down at Ron and found him kneeling forlornly between her knees, stroking his neglected erection.

Taking pity, and knowing her own orgasm was beyond rescue, she gestured for Ron to lay down beside her. Still cradling the phone to her cheek, she straddled him, slid his cock into her slit, and began rocking her hips in that no nonsense, get-down-to-business stroke that he loved so much. Her pussy expanded to accommodate his girth, and the hairs of his balls tickled her, producing mini-spasms. More of this could get her off under the right circumstances – but listening to her mother's voice definitely didn't qualify.

As Tina murmured "uh hmms" and "yeahs" at the appropriate places in her mom's monologue, Ron's pelvis rose up, his cock twitched inside her, and suddenly she felt hot jism flooding her box. Only when he'd sagged back, head to pillow, bursting into an afterglow smile, did the voice at the other end of the line shut the fuck up.

"I gotta go, Mom, if I'm going to get there on time!" Tina blurted, and hung up quickly lest another avalanche of gossip resume.

"Oh hell, oh shit, oh fuck," Tina declared, but without force. Her shoulders sagged.

Ron, still skewering her from beneath, began toying with her clit. "Can I... help you?"

She shook her head, pouting. "My concentration is blown. We don't have enough time."

"I understand."

Easy for him to say. At least *he* had had an orgasm. Swearing under her breath, she peeled off of him, gave his fading boner a kiss, and hurried to the closet to take out her flight uniform.

Her pussy, wet, slippery, and full of cum, wouldn't let her forget how it had been neglected. After she'd dropped the dog off, left her car at the employees' lot, and stepped aboard her designated jet, she was still twitching in her pantyhose. Her frustration must have shown, because on his way to the cockpit the pilot asked, "Are you feeling all right?"

"Nothing my next day off won't cure," she replied, pretending nonchalance; but truth was, she was so pent-up she had to stifle the urge to rip off the questioner's clothes and hump him in front of the instrument panel. Hell, yes – and take the co-pilot up her butt as an encore.

However, she wasn't going to get herself fired. Being a stewardess was the best job she'd ever had. Banking her lust, she put on her best smile for the passengers as they boarded.

There weren't many. Only a handful of people came down the ramp. In First Class, part of Tina's designated area, a solitary traveler took his seat.

With such light duties, her hopes rose. Take-off proceeded smoothly, she and the other stewardess gave the occupants their drinks and meals, and by then Tina had at least fifteen minutes before she needed to collect the trays and start the in-flight movie. Into the lavatory she went, hand

reaching up her skirt and into her pantyhose even before she'd locked the door.

"Ohhh," she murmured as her fingers plunged into moist, rubbery flesh. She tugged her lips this way and that, luxuriating in the stretching, barely able to keep a grip from all the slickness. Wet, wet, wet. Plunging two fingers inside, she not only found new reason to gasp, but she succeeded in lubing her digits to the point she knew they wouldn't dry out until her task was done.

Cramped as the little chamber was, she found a suitable perch on the toilet and began to massage her clit. She found the ideal manual rhythm with the efficiency of a housewife on an afternoon alone in bed with a "romance" novel in her other hand. Her nipples swelled, fighting the confines of her bra. Her butt clenched.

Wham! The plane bucked. The bottom dropped out of her stomach. Turbulence. The lavatory walls tossed and swayed, forcing Tina to brace herself with both hands. The "Fasten Seat Belts" notice lit up.

Fuck! Straightening her clothing and letting the sexual flush drain from her cheeks, she abandoned her activity and returned to the main cabin.

Her anger melted to sympathy as she spotted her First Class passenger turning green. The rough air was still mauling the plane so much that Tina could barely stand upright. After a particularly forceful toss, she decided the better part of valor was to claim the seat next to him and buckle in herself.

"Don't worry, sir," she told him. "The crew will find smoother air."

"Oh, I'm not scared," he said. "My body just doesn't like riding rollercoasters two minutes after eating." He smiled. Color returned to his cheeks. "Don't worry; I'm okay. Feel free to check on the others."

Tina found herself studying his features. He was cute. Maybe thirty, with thick, wavy hair.

"No, I think I'll stay right here for a minute." She tapped her seatbelt as if to imply she was abiding by safety precautions, though her motives were decidedly visceral. "Where are you from?" she asked, giving him permission to explore the next level of interaction.

He rose to the bait like a trout to a fly. In the next several minutes, as the plane left the turbulence behind, they learned they had grown up in the same state. What a shame, Tina thought, they would share paths only for a few short hours.

Wistful, she rose, collected trays, and started the movie. Each time she passed by, she noticed Burke evaluating her, his gaze lingering on her boobs and ass. The scrutiny pleased her.

What it also did was fuel her horniness to a peak. The lavatory beckoned again, and this time she took along a bit of climax insurance – the vibrator from her handbag.

Pantyhose below her knees, skirt wrapped around her waist, she spread her legs as wide as the little cubicle would allow and aimed the blunt plastic instrument dead center. Tip resting on her clit, she hit the switch and waves of pleasure cascaded outward, bringing still more juice – if that were possible – out of her cunt.

Her back arched and her lungs filled as she moved the vibrator half an inch to the left. There. That was the spot. Tingles coursed up and down her labia. A drop of juice spilled out and ran down her crack, tickling her anus at such a perfect moment that she nearly fell off her none-too-secure perch.

SHE STRADDLED HIM AND HIS BONER GLIDED INTO HER CUNT

And then, at the most crucial juncture, her vibrator began to slow. She hovered at the edge of release, pressing the sex toy more firmly to get the stimulation she required. No good. The vibration was lessening all the time.

The batteries were dying.

"It's not fair," Tina muttered viciously. Switching off the device, she substituted her hand. Her fingers made her feel good, but the vibrator had set her up for its own sort of orgasm. To get a climax with a hand job required starting at the beginning. She wanted to cum *now*.

Dammit! She wasn't going to be defeated! The flashlights in the rear galley might use the same size battery. Hastily restoring her attire, she exited the lavatory – a woman with a mission. She rushed through First Class, past a dozing Burke, and pulled aside the curtain. At the threshold of the main cabin, she paused. Ahead the darkened section flickered with the changing movie images on the screens. The handful of passengers were all sitting toward the rear, most with headphones, and the other stewardess was at the very end, chatting with a passenger. No one would be visiting the forward section any time soon.

All at once, Tina couldn't get out of her mind the glimpse of Burke she'd seen as she raced by. Restoring the curtain, she tiptoed back a few steps and glanced down.

Eyes closed, knees somewhat apart, Burke had a huge bulge in his pants. Tina stared for a solid thirty seconds, imagining what was hidden beneath the fabric of that fly, wondering if she could really do what she was desperate to do.

Burke, alerted by that sixth sense people seem to exhibit when stared at for an undue period, opened his eyes. When he met her gaze, she knew that her fingers, her vibrator, and even Ron's tongue could not have given her a better crescendo of passion than what she was going to get from the hard-on hiding in those pants. Fate had issued its decree.

"Can I... have some of that?" she asked.

He glanced down, realized what she was pointing to and, eyes wide, nodded. His expression of disbelief evolved into delight when she knelt down and unzipped him. Her eager search was rewarded by the sight of a thick, engorged talisman of manhood. She admired it, then hid it away again – in her mouth.

Burke inhaled. "Jesus! I gotta fly First Class more often!"

His warm, firm knob pressed against the confines of her mouth. She used it like a magic wand, swabbing her tongue, her

Continued on page 48

Continued from page 37

inner cheeks, her palate, letting the sensation excite her to yet another level of frenzy.

"You really love to suck cock, don't you?" he gasped.

"Mmm hmm," she said, slurping her way up his shaft.

The pheromonal aroma of cock, pre-cum and sweat hardened her breasts, making them deliciously sensitive. She rubbed them on his knees, wishing she could escape her garments, but refusing to interrupt the sucking long enough to get topless.

The veins on his shaft bulged until she could feel them with her lips, particularly on the out-stroke. His balls rose up, visible now in the aperture of his pants, locked against the base of his rod. She caressed them tenderly with her fingernails.

All the cocksucking made her pussy wriggle with anticipation, intoxicating her until, even if her coworkers or a passenger had appeared, Tina still would have mounted Burke and let her audience think what they would. Luckily, no such interruption occurred.

Finally Tina lifted away. "Just stay right there," she commanded. She tugged down Burke's pants and briefs to his knees and peeled out of her shoes and pantyhose. She paused only to press the releases on the seats in front of him, which allowed her to slide them forward. That gained them some vital fucking space.

Burke clasped her by the waist as she straddled him and lowered herself down. His boner glided into her cunt with no need of hands to aim it. A shiver traveled the length of her spine, releasing so much tension it seemed to loosen every hair on her body, from the tresses of her head down to the wisps on her mound. That trace of muff was just the right amount of cushion as she ground her pelvis against his. She aimed for maximum contact, vulva tugging at his root with every vigorous roll of her hips. His cock penetrated so deeply each time she plunged down, and would have set her shouting had she not, in some corner of her mind, remembered that she was in a public setting.

His length served her the way she so desperately needed, long enough to stay inside her even during her most enthusiastic bounces. And his girth filled her opening so that, despite her sopping condition and elasticity, she always knew he was in her. It made her feel so tight...

All she knew about, or cared about, was that a hard driving cock was ramming into her seam again and again. Burke moaned, thrust upward, and she felt him gush. Heavy surges of cream poured into her, and she let go of the resistance she'd been preserving.

Oh, God! Tina thought. Here it comes. Here I cum! The tingles changed to spasms. She passed the point of no return.

In the cockpit, the pilots nearly spat out their chewing gum as the entire plane vaulted upward. Gravity disappeared, the altimeter waved madly, and both men clenched the grips in front of them, hearts pounding.

The jet levelled out and cruised onward smoothly. "What the hell was that?" the co-pilot asked. "Wind shear?"

"Don't know. Sure a butt-clencher, though. Better light up the seat belt indicators again."

The turbulence did not reappear. They reported the incident to the nearest control tower and within half an hour had put it out of their minds. By that point, Tina popped in.

"Thought you guys might like some coffee," she said, and handed them cups.

The captain had never seen Tina wear such a beatific smile. She was glowing the way someone would who has just had a full-body massage or a glass of superb single malt Scotch whiskey or – the captain squelched the thought. Still, it was... curious. "Has your day been going better for you back there?" he asked.

"Sure." Tina spoke with such effervescence the men eyed each other and tried not to laugh. They were sure they heard her murmur to herself as she closed the door, "I'm flying so well right now, I don't even need an aircraft." ♣

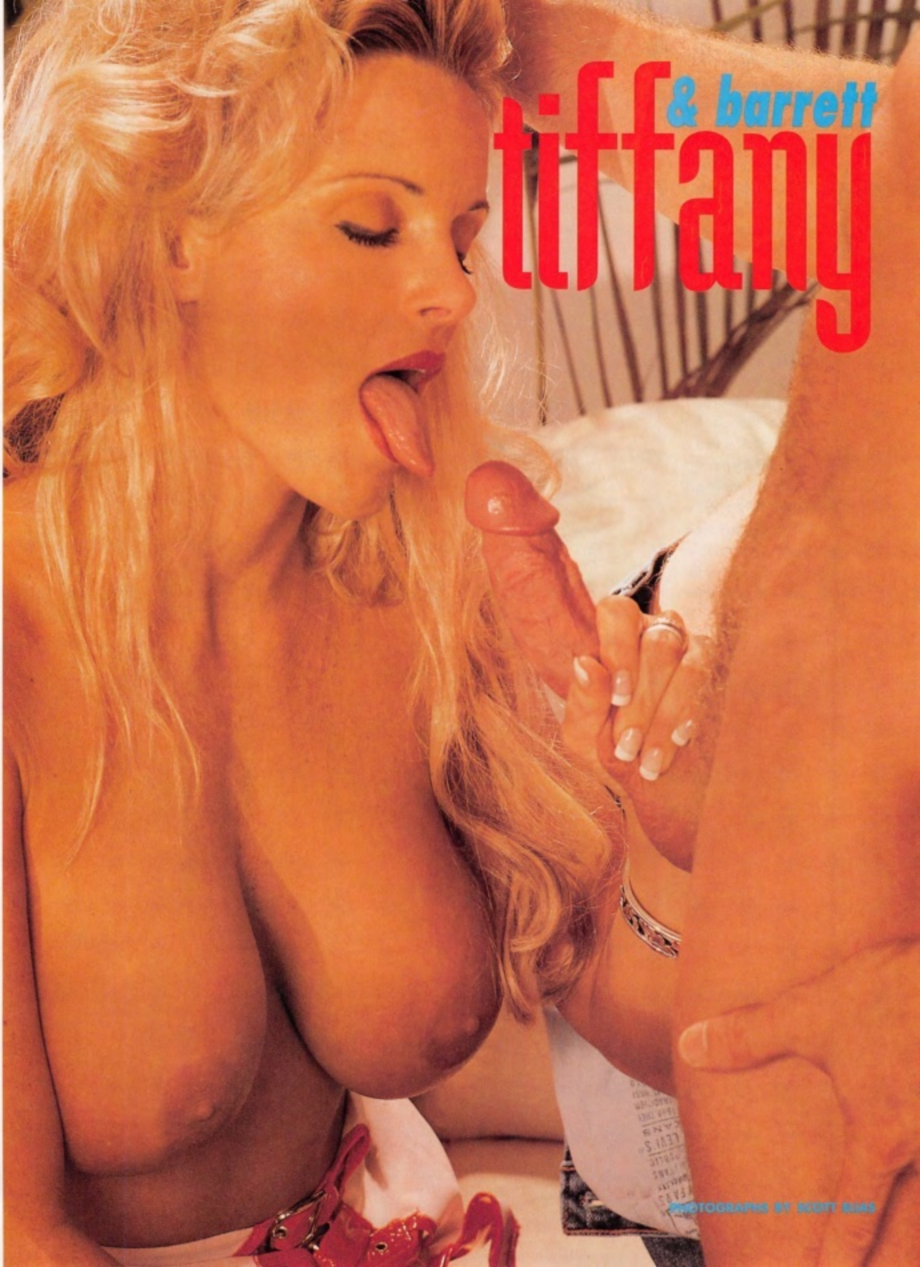
The attached article is fiction and no resemblance is intended between characters in the article, or the photo illustration, and any individuals living or dead.

SPEED

REMO

Able to out-accelerate an Indy car, corner harder than an F-16 with its wingtip tied to a telephone pole and hit 100 mph top-whack when most boats can barely manage half, this season's Formula One catamaran is to powerboating what Carl Lewis is to jogging. Quicker than a Class One off-shore racer, and infinitely more maneuverable than a jet-powered Unlimited Hydros, F1's are set to rule the waves. Designed by computer, perfected by science but still honed and built by hand, the striking shape combines traditional ship's varnish and an astonishing array of hi-tech plastics and advanced materials like carbon-fiber and Kevlar. Borrowed from the aerospace industry produce, they've led to designs little heavier than a wetbike but with power-to-weight ratios that the pilot of a Mach-1 Stealth bomber can only dream of. That's thanks to the guys in Wisconsin who've put the Mercury badge on some of the finest waterborne machines in the world. Inboard, outboard or sterndrive, they make them, including the legendary 454 cubic inch Magnum favored by offshore racers and the ferocious Black Max O/B. They even have one for landlubbers, the 32 valve 5.7 liter V8 which powers the Chevrolet Corvette ZR, a car so powerful it has two ignition keys. But their powerboater is the best – 145 cubes and only three cylinders, but the noise is phenomenal and it's good for 300 horsepower at the prop-shaft. Stick that on the back of a highly aero- and aquadynamic boat that weighs next to nothing, and you're talking showtime. Lacking brakes, the pilot throttles back to slow down and has fingertip controls on the wheel to trim the craft and keep it in good shape on the water. The pontoon hull planes across the water, sitting on the surface like a waterbug so it can corner at enormously high speed. The resulting G-forces are considerable and the spectacle invariably impresses. ♣

tiffany & barrett

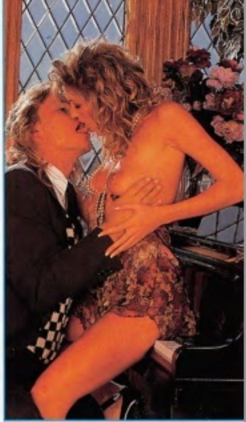


PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT ELIAS

"My whole philosophy of life is based on having a good time," smiles party girl Tiffany. "I dress to get noticed – I guess you can see that! – and my favorite thing is to go out with a big bunch of pals and raise hell. I love to dance and flirt, and if I catch the eye of some hunky guy that's the icing on the cake. I'm not the kind of girl who likes to get groped in public or make out in some stranger's car in the parking lot or the bathroom of a restaurant though. But if a guy acts like a gentleman and invites me back to his place, he might just find out how it feels to slide his hard meat between my big boobs! I'm a lady until I get in the bedroom – but once I'm there I'm pure sex!" ♣

talkin' blue

Are you America's horniest couple? Do you have sex more often than you have hot meals? Tell us all about it and it could be your story we print!



women's writes

THE GIRLS GET DOWN TO BUSINESS

LOVE LESSONS

If you met me in the street you'd think butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. I'm an innocent-looking 19-year-old with long hair and a slim and sexy figure. My looks, however, are very deceiving as I am far from innocent. In fact, there's nothing I like more than a nice, stiff prick between my legs. And as for the taste of spunk, I crave it on a daily basis!

When it comes to getting what I want I use my innocent looks to the full, flaunting my ripe figure, pretending not to realize as I flash my skimpy panties and plump cleavage. This usually drives men wild with lust, but up until last week there was one guy who failed to succumb to my seductive techniques – my piano teacher.

The trouble with John is that he is very shy. He seems to do nothing but read and play his damn piano! Last week I resolved to get what I wanted, so on the night of my lesson I dressed in the cutest, most seductive clothes I could find: a crop top, high heels, short skirt and tight little panties. I felt great and looked even better. Picking up my music books I hurriedly left my house.

John answered the door in his usual manner – gesturing for me to enter without saying a word, his face emotionless. I walked in, throwing my books onto the cushions which littered his living room, marching over to the grand piano that stood in the far corner. "Have you practiced?" he asked shyly.

"I haven't had time this week," I told him, sitting in front of the piano, patting the seat and beckoning him to join me. He did so, his glance shifting down the length of my body. I lowered my own gaze, seeing that my skirt had risen and the edge of my panties could be seen. I made no attempt to cover myself.

"Umm, let's start with the piece you've been working on," he stuttered nervously.

"It's very difficult," I moaned, slipping off my jacket to reveal the full shape of my breasts, encased in my tight top.

"Th-that's why we need to practice it," he continued, a bulge beginning to grow in the crotch of his pants.

"You play, I'll just watch," I said stubbornly. With a sigh he began and I rested my hand on

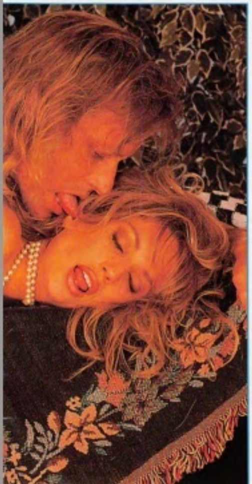
> *"I squatted above his meat, my protruding pussy lips opening up in anticipation"*

his knee, my fingers running along his inner thigh. His cock was straining to free itself from his pants and I took this as a sign to go further. I stood up. He was watching me intently as, staring deep into his eyes, I took off my skirt, revealing my love mound, barely concealed beneath my panties. He stopped playing. Pulling my top over my head, I beckoned to John to come closer.

He moved towards me. My hands gliding gently over my smooth warm flesh, I followed the curves of my own body: the fullness of my breasts, the arch of my back and globes of my firm, round ass. Slowly, ever so slowly, I pulled down my panties. I lowered them all the way down to my ankles, presenting John with a magnificent view of my juicy cunt from behind.

"Touch it, John. Touch my ass," I whispered, still bent over, my long hair brushing against the carpet. I heard John groan with pleasure as he pressed his hands against my ass, before reaching down between my cheeks, exploring my warm wet bush. "Oh, John, fuck me," I sighed, lowering myself to the floor. John followed me, his hand clasping my pussy.

"Strip," I said. "I want to see your big cock, I want to feel it fill my mouth." Well, I've never seen someone remove their clothes so fast in my life! Within seconds John's dick was swaying gently before me. I eagerly began to suck him off, ensuring he was rock hard before we fucked. He was, and it felt so good to have his stiffness between my lips, his salty pre-cum exciting my taste buds.



Pushing him onto his back I stood astride him, squatting above his meat, my protruding pussy lips opening in anticipation. "Oooh, that's good," I groaned as I lowered myself down. "I've been looking forward to this."

I rhythmically ground my tingling twat down on his cock, my tits bouncing with each lunge. I started to whimper with pleasure, my mouth open, my eyes closed, and my heels digging into the carpet. John growled, grasping my thighs and pulling me onto him, deeper with each thrust.

By now my ass was moving up and down at quite a pace, supported by my toned legs. Faster and harder I rode him, an uncontrollable orgasm welling up inside of me. With a loud grunt John shot his spunk deep into my pussy, triggering an intense explosion of pleasure which shot through my whole body. With a glow of fulfillment taking over, I sank down onto the floor.

Before too long John was hard again, and this time he fucked my tight asshole – that felt really wonderful!

It's my piano lesson night again and once I've mailed this letter to you guys at CI I'm off to see John. I wonder what I'll teach him tonight! **"Fast Learner" – Oklahoma**

SUCK SLUT

I have to admit I'm a bit of a tomboy: I read CI, love football and hang out with the guys. Yet when it comes to sex, I yearn to be dominated by a big hunky guy. Unfortunately, this never really happens – I always seem to end up with wimpy men! It's not that I mind taking the lead with the opposite sex. Sometimes it can be quite fun telling a man exactly what to do, instructing him to attend to my every need. It's just that the big hunky types never seem to come my way.

I know it can't be anything to do with the way I look, as I'm always being told I'm cute. Maybe it's my attitude – I don't take any shit! Anyway, I'm writing to tell you that last night I finally met the man I've been looking for.

He came over to my place with an ex-boyfriend of mine named Tom, who, as usual, was desperate to get back into my panties. Tom is quite shy (and a real drip into the bargain), but Brian was far from bashful.

As I let them in, Brian walked directly behind me and I could feel his eyes burning into me. "Nice legs," he muttered.

I turned to face him and told him that he shouldn't have been looking. He was unperturbed. "Well, it's got to be said, you've got a hell of a fine body," he continued. His boldness was having quite an effect on me. I started to feel turned on and I could feel my pussy getting wet.

"What kind of girl do you think I am?" I said, pretending to show no interest, although I could feel my nipples practically bursting through my T-shirt.

"Tom has told me exactly what kind of girl you are," he said, grinning. "Now why don't we stop fooling around and head for the bedroom." I blushed at his frankness and did as he said, my cunt becoming wetter with each step I took. Once inside the bedroom, I found myself sitting on the edge of the bed. Brian was directly in front of me while Tom was over to one side.

My heart pounding, my mouth dry, I waited for Brian's next instruction. "Let's see what's under that skirt of yours," he smiled. My head lowered, I slowly opened my legs, my hands sliding lazily up my inner thighs as I eased my panties to one side. Tom gasped. It must have been quite a shock for him to see me in such a submissive mood, revealing my pussy.

Glancing up I could see this was having the desired effect – Brian's prick was swelling deliciously. As if reading my mind he unzipped his jeans. "I've heard you're pretty good at sucking cock," he said, producing eight inches of meat.

> "Quivering with lust, I stretched my tongue out and lapped gently at the tip of his cock"

"Yes, I'm the best," I said. "I love having a hard dick in my mouth." Brian stepped closer, his glistening cockhead only inches from my face.

"Suck it then," he urged. Quivering with excitement, I stretched my tongue out and lapped gently at the tip of his cock. I love the taste of cock and this was no exception. I greedily enveloped its thickness between my lips.

"Oh yeah!" he moaned, grasping the back of my head. With loud slurping noises I began to suck him, my head

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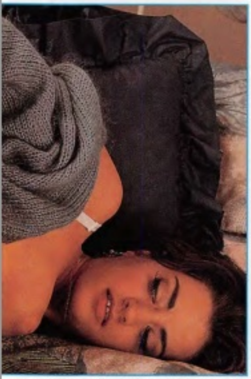


moving up and down his length, pausing occasionally to flick my tongue over his cockhead.

Not surprisingly, I soon felt his cock twitch, a sure sign that he was about to cum. Moving my head back, I opened my mouth wide, my tongue out and flat – an invitation for him to shoot his load. He did, giving me a splendid view as his jizz squirted out – three shots of creamy liquid splattering all over my tongue.

I must have looked like such a slut, one finger buried in my cunt, my lips covered in spunk, and this was confirmed by the aroused look on Tom's face as he stood timidly behind Brian.

"Your turn," said Brian to Tom, replacing his cock inside his jeans. If anyone but Brian had made such a suggestion, I'd have told them to get lost, but instead I just felt even hornier.

"What would you like me to do for Tom?" I asked Brian.

"Take off your clothes and get onto the bed," he said. I did as he asked, getting on all fours, my ass thrust in the air. I sighed with relief as I felt Tom's dick nudging against my cunt.

"Go on, fuck me," I whimpered, unable to stand the suspense. He slid into my warm and welcoming twat, a simultaneous groan coming from us both. He began to thrust into me and I gripped the sheets, gritting my teeth with each hard stroke. I began to yell with pleasure as I felt my orgasm approaching. Tom was about to cum too, his pace accelerating and his balls slapping against my ass.

"Oh yes!" I cried, as Tom filled me with his load. I closed my eyes, completely relaxed, and the next thing I knew was waking up this morning! Brian and Tom had gone, leaving me a note – and Brian's telephone number! **"Horny Humping" – West Virginia**

on the job

IN AND OUT AT THE OFFICE

TRIPLE CLIMAX

If you asked me to describe myself, I'd have to say that I'm a sex-hungry slut. It's in my nature and my whole life revolves around sex. My bedroom is like a harem, covered in white, wispy drapes and with a king-size bed dominating the center. As for all my sex toys, my closet is like an advertisement for a dildo manufacturer!

I'm an aerobics instructor and spend a lot of my time working out. This only increases my sexual appetite and I've screwed just about all the decent-looking men at my local gym. In fact, I'm so hungry for new sexual experiences, I've moved on to women! This is much more of a challenge, because I find it just too easy bedding men.

I've slept with lots of what you'd probably call 'dykey' types and enjoyed it immensely, but what I really like is to get it on with bisexual girls who mostly consider themselves straight. There were two women who regularly attended my classes that fitted the bill perfectly. They were both very sexy and showed signs of being receptive to my subtle advances.

Sasha is the more forward of the two and is stunningly attractive, with long dark hair and the fittest-looking body I've ever seen. Her quieter friend Sandra is taller and has a slightly fuller figure. Her firm ass and large ripe breasts drove me wild, and I desperately wanted to see Sasha licking at Sandra's big tits.

I decided to invite them to my place one evening and see what happened. When they showed up at my apartment they both looked very sexy and I had a feeling things were going to get interesting. We sat in the living room and chatted away for about an hour, the wine flowing steadily. It wasn't long before I introduced the usual topic of conversation when girls get together – men and sex.

"My boyfriend never gives me enough of what I want," Sasha said brazenly, her stocking-clad legs crossed, the split in her

dress revealing her thighs.

"Oh yes, and what's that?" I asked, moving onto the sofa and sliding between the girls.

"A damn good cunt licking," she laughed, her head leaning against the back of the sofa, a huge smile on her face.

"Sasha, you're such a slut," giggled Sandra, unaware that in her tipsy state, her skirt had risen high enough to reveal her black lacy panties.

"There's nothing wrong with having a nice, wet tongue exploring your pussy," I whispered, feasting my eyes on Sandra's cleavage.

"Oooh, that's right," squirmed Sasha, who was obviously recollecting the feeling. "The trouble is men don't do it enough," she continued.

"Who said anything about men?" I said, staring directly into Sasha's playful eyes. She blushed a little. I carried on, as if unaware of her surprise. "I mean let's face it, girls know where all the best spots are."

She wiggled in her seat, uncrossing and then recrossing her legs. "After all, no girl can say she hasn't thought about it, can she?" I asked, my gaze still fixed firmly on hers.

Sandra said nothing, her face a picture of confusion, her panties still uncovered. My hand reached the top of Sasha's inner thigh and gently began to brush against her panties. The lacy material was already hot and sticky, giving my fingers a perfect indication of where to stroke. Her eyes no longer had an expression of surprise. They were sleepy, half-closed and gazing lustfully into mine. She slowly opened her legs.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough?" asked Sandra nervously, remaining where she sat, a small damp patch beginning to form on the crotch of her panties. Sasha remained silent. She was too busy watching me as I pulled her panties off. They were made of see-through lace. I held them up to my face to smell her mouth-watering scent.

"I started to tongue her juicy slit, my saliva mingling with the stickiness of her cunt"

"Mmm, you smell good enough to eat," I said, unbuttoning my shirt to reveal my tits. This proved to be too much for Sasha – she hitched up her skirt, widened her legs and, stared at my pink nipples.

"Eat me, please!" she gasped. A tremendous warm rush began to tingle its way all over my body. It started deep in my stomach and growing second by second, worked its way down to my cunt.

I glanced across at Sandra, noticing that she had crossed her legs, one hand jammed firmly between them. Returning to the job in hand I kneeled in front of Sasha. Her cunt was dark, well-trimmed and shaven underneath. This gave me a perfect view of her swollen love petals which were thick and very wet, waiting to be sucked.

I started to tongue her juicy slit. My saliva mingled with her stickiness, soaking my lips. She began to groan, the sounds soft and low, but soon, as I picked up the pace, becoming louder.

"Oh, yes, yes, that's good!" she panted. Moments later, she was buckling under an intense orgasm, her hands holding my head, making me lick harder at her erect, shiny clit. With one loud gasp she relaxed, freeing my head, her arms flopping to her sides.

She giggled, a wicked glint in her eyes. "Let's go to bed," she murmured, still out of breath.

"Good idea," I agreed, turning to Sandra, whose hand was so tightly against her crotch, she might as well have been fingering herself.

"As long as that's all we do," she replied, still trying to seem uninterested. Confidently, I took her hand and led her into my bedroom, Sasha following. Once in the room I closed the door, drew the curtains and unzipped my skirt. It fell to the floor revealing my skimpy panties. Sasha was undressing too.

It was time to give Sandra the encouragement she needed. I climbed onto the bed, my long hair swaying along with my tits. Kneeling in front of her, I lowered my gaze, permitting her to look without embarrassment. With one hand I pulled down the front of my panties, exposing my bush, while the other began to stroke my breasts. As I was doing this I could hear the swish of Sandra's dress falling to the floor.

I looked up. Sandra stood there in nothing but her panties. And beside her, totally naked, Sasha was holding her hand, leading her towards the bed. I beckoned to Sandra to join me. Sasha got in on the other side of her, looking at Sandra's gorgeous body. With deliberate softness I trailed my fingers over her soaking panties.

Sasha began to brush the tips of her fingers over Sandra's tits. She did so in decreasing circles, starting at the edge and working towards their center, exciting Sandra's fleshy pink nipples.

"Please, don't tease me," Sandra whimpered, wriggling her body in frustration. "Suck my cunt!" She lifted her ass, inviting me to remove her panties.

"If you insist," I laughed, pulling off her panties. She was so wet that as I removed them, a string of sticky liquid formed between them and her pussy. And what a ravishing pussy it was! Her neat pubes sparkled with wetness. Spreading her legs, I positioned myself at the bottom of the bed between them. With one long lick I lapped up her juice. It tasted so nice and gooey as I sank my tongue deeper and deeper into her with each long stroke.

From where I was I had a perfect view of her lovely tits as Sasha, one hand firmly between her legs, sucked and nibbled at Sandra's swollen nipples. This was more than Sandra could cope with, and she started to thrash wildly around on the bed, my tongue vainly trying to stay in contact with her clit. With a loud cry she erupted into orgasm, uttering obscenities as she did (well they do say the quiet ones are the worst!).

Calming down, she reached across to Sasha, who was still frigging herself. "Oh baby, need any help?" she cooed, her right hand replacing Sasha's, submerging between her legs. It was such a horny sight, Sandra's fingers thrusting into Sasha's plump, wet mound.

"Oh, Sandra," moaned Sasha, kissing her full on the lips. A shiver of ecstasy caused her to end the embrace, her ass gyrating. "I'm cumming," she moaned, her whole body stiffening under the weight of her orgasm. Within seconds it was all over and both girls lay there panting.

Now it was my turn. I got on all fours, gripping the headboard and thrusting my ass in air. Sandra and Sasha moved towards me and I licked my lips as they neared my cunt.

"Come and get it," I murmured, spreading my legs, my ass cheeks and love lips opening as I did. This left nothing to the imagination and must have been quite a sight. I felt first one, then two tongues slapping against my ass and cunt. "Oh, yes! Deeper, deeper, deeper!" I moaned, my hands pushing against the headboard. This caused my whole body to slide backwards, pressing the tongue in my cooze deep inside me. I didn't know who was eating my cunt and who was licking my asshole. I was whimpering uncontrollably. So intense were the feelings of pleasure, I could hardly stand it, and begged them to bring me off as wave after wave of powerful orgasm charged through me.

Sasha and Sandra are actually helping me write this letter, and, surprise surprise, it's taking longer than I expected!

"Double Licking" – Illinois

couples confess

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

KITCHEN COOZE

I have always had the hots for my best friend's husband, Greg. He really is a hunk, with rippling thigh muscles barely concealed by the tight jeans he always wears, and big strong arms which make me lick my lips as I think about him wrestling me to the bed and giving me a really thorough balling.

Yes, Greg is my idea of a real man and I've thought that from the first time I met him, when my friend Sylvia brought him along to a party three years ago. I could hardly believe my eyes and my mind began racing with nasty fantasies about him. Of course, he was seeing my best friend and so was off-limits.

I don't know if he was aware all that time that I had such a crush on him. If he did, he kept it to himself. But a few months ago, things really changed. I still can't believe what I've done, and that's why I wanted to share it with your readers.

Sylvia decided to go on vacation with some friends. The trip was for a week, but Greg had a big project on at work and so he couldn't go with them. It was the first time that he'd ever

stayed at their house without Sylvia since they'd gotten married, and so she asked me to look in a few times and check that he was getting enough to eat (he's not much of a new man so cooking is out of the question) and that he'd managed to work the washing machine. Of course, this was a heaven-sent opportunity for me to flaunt myself in front of him in my tightest jeans and T-shirts. The first day, I knew he'd noticed me, but nothing was said or done. The second day, he stood in the kitchen while I made his dinner, and I could tell that he was staring at me – ogling every inch of my body.

"You've got a lovely ass, you know," he said as he sat with his feet up on the table. "I've always liked your ass."

And with that, he came up behind me and started to stroke my ass cheeks. I could feel his hot hands through my jeans, and my cunt juiced up as I felt his fingers brush tantalizingly close to my love lips. I wanted to rub myself off until I came, but I just carried on making the dinner.

The next day, it was the same scenario – except that this time, Greg's buddy, Nick, was there too. He's a really good-looking guy as well, though I hardly know him. That evening, they were both ogling me in the kitchen, and Greg let his hands wander to my butt cheeks again.

"I told her yesterday, she's got a lovely ass," he said to his friend. "Look at those lovely peachy cheeks. She loves it when I give them a good grope, don't you?"

"He slipped his long, thick finger into my juicy pussy and began to fingerfuck me hard"

I just nodded and carried on peeling the potatoes. That day, I was wearing a little miniskirt and ankle socks, and I gasped out loud when I felt a very male pair of hands lift up the skirt, pull my panties down and begin to fondle my bare ass cheeks.

"You're getting all wet, aren't you?" Greg whispered into my ear. "Your love juices are stirring up just for me."

And with that, he slipped his long, thick finger into my pussy and began to fingerfuck me. I couldn't help myself: my hips worked backwards and forwards as I impaled myself on it and let him work my juices up into a real lather. My face was red and I could feel my nipples hardening under my tight T-shirt. I wanted to play with my clit and make myself cum, but I didn't want to move in case I lost the rhythm from Greg's finger. His hand was covered with my love juice when he eventually pulled his finger out and clamped his hand on one of my boobs from behind.

"You're a real slut, aren't you?" he grinned and started to lick my neck. Both his hands were on my boobs now, and he was kneading my soft titty-flesh through my top and bra. It was only a matter of seconds before he slipped my top up and pushed my bra aside so that he could fondle me properly. But at the same time, another pair of hands took up stroking my pussy where Greg had left off. I looked down to see Nick kneeling between my legs and running his hands along my slit.

I don't know what we must have looked like leaning against the counter like that – some kind of human pyramid, I suppose. But I wasn't thinking about that then: all I could think about was the orgasm which was building up inside me. I wasn't expecting it to build up so quickly, and when I came I yelled out loud and my legs went numb.

Although the pair of them had just made me cum once, they didn't stop fondling me. I just felt so limp and relaxed by then that I'd have let them do anything. Nick replaced his fingers with his mouth and began to lick me out, and I turned my head so Greg could French kiss me. He used his tongue like a cock in my mouth, and that was what I wanted.

"I want to suck your dick," I whispered to him, not caring if I sounded like a slut. And somehow, from standing at the counter, I was on my knees on the kitchen floor, cradling Greg's cock and balls in my hands as I guided the shaft into my mouth.

Nick, meanwhile, had to lie down to be able to carry on eating me out, but he didn't seem to mind as he had his cock in his hand by then. I wished I could see that hard cock, but all that was in my eye-line was a great thick bush of pubes and some dark pink balls which looked like they were full to the brim with jizz. I couldn't wait to taste it at the back of my throat.

I could taste Greg's salty pre-cum on my tongue now, and I gobbled harder, really flexing my throat and taking his length as far down it as I could. The look on his face was just what I wanted to see: he looked incredulous that his wife's best friend was sucking his cock so good and hard, like he'd never thought of me doing it before. Although I asked him later and he said he'd often jerked off while thinking of me on my knees in front of him!

"He began to ram into me, clenching his butt cheeks as his balls slapped against my ass"

He held back as long as he could, but I could tell eventually that he couldn't hold his cum back any longer and that he was about to shoot. His hands gripped my head even harder, and he rammed his shaft hard right down my throat as his hot load shot all the way down it.

I was so turned on by then that all my senses were heightened: I could smell the salty spunk hanging in the air, filling my nostrils, and my whole body was covered with goosebumps as I shook because I was so turned on. Nick was still licking away at my pussy, eagerly drinking my juice and sucking on my bush like he was starving. Every breath any of us took sounded loud in the echoing kitchen, and I thought my pussy was going to burst as I orgasmed again.

I really lost control with it, too. I couldn't breathe and I used my hands to rub my own tits and clit to make myself cum again right away. Even Nick's tongue didn't seem enough to make me cum as strongly and intensely as I wanted. I have never been as horny as that before – and it just made me want even more.

I still hadn't had either cock in my pussy yet, but that was what I wanted. There is a table in the center of the living room, and I led them in there and lay down on the table with my legs apart, fingering my clit. I could feel my love juice covering my fingers and starting to run down my wrist, and I frigged harder and brought myself off.

"Come on, which of you is going to do me first!" I urged the guys. But I was looking at Greg when I said it. It was his cock I'd been fantasizing about for three years, and it was his cock which was going to be the first to plunge inside me now.

Greg pulled me down the table a little, so that he could stand by the edge of it and rub the head of his cock over my outer lips. God, it was divine feeling his hot helmet teasing me, making me think he was going to give in and stick it right into me but always pulling away at the last second. I was moaning out loud for him to fuck me by then, demanding his cock before I really lost it. When he did finally sink his length inside me, I breathed an audible sigh of relief.

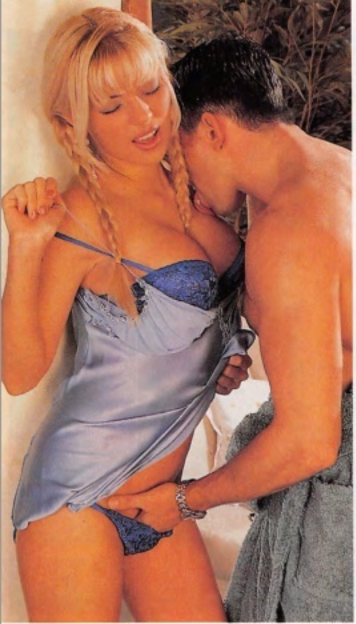
Both of us were so horny for each other that he couldn't hold himself back. He began to ram into me, clenching his butt cheeks as his balls slapped against my backside and his bush grazed my sensitive pussy lips. I threw my head back as I felt that rod between my legs, ramming in and out. Greg reached down and played with my clit, and by the time he heaved his spunk from his balls to fill up my pussy, I was quivering like gelatin.

No sooner had Greg cum inside me than his buddy was desperate to stick his cock inside me too. By then I was game for anything: there was no way I was going to refuse any cock! If anything, he was even better hung than Greg, and I gasped in surprise as I felt that fat shaft nudge past my pussy lips and drive deep inside me. With every upward thrust I groaned as I felt my pussy full to the brim with hot meat.

When Nick was about to shoot his load, he pulled his cock out at the last moment and sprayed my bush and stomach with his sticky white spunk. I went wild, rubbing my clit in a frenzy to bring myself off again, and smearing cum everywhere.

I've been seeing Nick since then, though nothing else has happened with Greg since Sylvia came back from vacation. Nick keeps pushing for another threesome, though, so I know it's only a matter of time...

"Hot Lay" – Kansas ♣



MARA & JOHN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

What guy wouldn't dream of having Mara's hot lips wrapped around his cock? "I like it when a guy uses the direct approach," reveals Mara. "It doesn't offend me if he says he likes my body and wants to fuck me. In fact, it turns me on! I'm not shy about coming on to a guy, either. I'll tell him I hope his cock is getting hard because I want to suck it. So if a guy talks dirty to me I take it as a compliment!" ♣

COMING IN

club INTERNATIONAL

LICK IT!

"Shall I lick Ashley's pussy – or shall I frig her with my nipple first?" muses your dream girl Stacy, fingers teasing her girlfriend's sticky slit. If you want to know what happens next, don't miss their pecker pleasing pictorial in next month's issue. Packed with red hot couples and threeway action, the nation's cutest babes doing whatever comes naturally, and our most outrageous true life readers' letters ever, it's guaranteed to get you off! Make sure you don't miss out on the fun! ♣

next issue on sale JUNE 18

MAID FOR pleasure

continued from page 25

desperate for me to give her cunt another dyke fuck. I believe she would've given me her fortune if I'd stayed, but, shit, a girl's gotta have a nice hot cock of her own once in a while.

Which is why I accepted the job at the Colonel's house (he wasn't really a Colonel, but a high ranking Army man nonetheless). He wanted a maid to serve at military dinners.

Dressed in a shiny satin dress, I sure was popular if the hands on my butt were anything to go by. That's why when the Colonel fondled my ass, I figured I was safe to make my offer. When I was turned down, I went into a major sulk.

"Huh! Wanna handle the goods but won't fuck 'em!" I moaned to myself as I dished out dessert. Then, suddenly the Colonel grabbed me by the ass.

"Say, Liberty, I've been talking to the guys, and you know that little offer you made earlier...? Well, some of us would like to take you up on it..."

"Oh, alright, then!" I blushed, clambering onto the table on all fours. "Okay, so who's first?"

First up was the Colonel himself, pulling my ass cheeks apart, slicking his dick with whip cream, then sliding it slowly inside my smallest hole. Then his mucker joined him up front, whipping out a peter that was wide as a Patriot missile and just as likely to go off.

"Think you can suck this at the same time?" he asked.

"Just... try... me!" I panted as the Col pounded away at my asshole. My lips were stretched tight as I took his cock into my mouth. With military precision they pounded in unison to the applause from the other ranks around the table. Most were jerking off right there at the table, but a couple, showing real initiative, had joined us up on top. One slid underneath me like a mechanic inspecting a jeep, and I felt a tongue lapping at my clit. My ass was first to give satisfaction – the Colonel losing his load right up my butt. Then his colleague's automatic weapon went oozy inside my mouth, shooting 50 rounds of rapid fire down my throat. But thanks to the Private on my privates, I was just warming up.

"Come on guys, there's an ass here needs another fucking!" I cried. "If that weapon of yours is still at attention, soldier, I reckon I can disarm it for you."

My butt got another pounding while I sucked on the dick of a minor Major. Sadly the rear guard action was shortlived, but reinforcements arrived to tackle my pussy. When the Major's 35 pounder went off between my lips, I rolled onto my back, swallowing my second batch of cum that night, and pulled the soldier blue further into my fuckhole. It was too much for him. He let off a volley like a helicopter gunship deep inside my cunt. Time for another guy to head the attack!

All this time the others were waiting their turn, jerking off till my uniform was more heavily decorated than a four star General. By the end, the toll was tremendous. Butt fucks 5, cunt fucks 5, blowjobs 7 and a uniform destroyed by friendly fire. Okay, so the only thing these guys were gonna leave me was exhausted, but what the hell? Who needs cash when you can fuck all night? So some gals come into money balling their bosses. Me, I'm just happy to cum!

Liberty